

Excellent New Ballad

Charles Earl of Derby.

BETWEEN

Anthony Earl of Shaftsbury.

Tom the Topy, and Toney the Whigg.

To the Tune of, *Sbittle - Come - Sbite, &c.*

Good People all, both Great and Small,
Come listen to my Story;
There was a Fray, the other Day,
Between a **Whigg**, and **Topy**.

For all their Distance, now they met,
Joyn'd in the Stocks together;
You may be sure, 'twas for no good,
That both of them came thither.

The **Topy's** Name was *Lashing Tom*;
The **Whigg** was called *Toney*;
And yet the Urchin, most Men say,
Wants neither Wit nor Money.

At first they furly were, and grim,
And stiff as as any **Quaker**;
They look't much like in Hangings old,
The *Panther*, and the *Baker*.

A while they only huff't and puff't
At one another, growling:
At last the *Curs* did spend their Mouths,
And thus they fell a Howling.

Tom.

(Quoth *Tom*) to me, thy Company
Is now as sweet as Honey:
Tis the first Day, I e're could say,
To me thou'rt welcome **Toney**.

Since in this *Wooden-Cage* we meet,
Let's Con our Notes together:
And prithee **Toney** tell me how
The Devil has brought thee hither.

Toney.

(Quoth *Toney*) spare thy Complement,
Thou soon shalt be Confounded:
as thou forgot, thou vapouring Sor,
By whom thou wer't Impounded.

'e try'd a Better, and a Worse,
I fairly thee did Master:
am not Conquer'd, but Betray'd
By Rogues, to this Disaster.

Tom.

These *Rogues* (quo *Tom*) thy Creatures were,
Unjust is thy Complaining;

Since 'to this Pen, thou'rt hunted in
By Whelps of thy own Training.

Thy Wickedness, turn'd thee to Beast,
And hither thee did hurry:
And in this Guise, *Acton*-wise,
Thy Hell-Hounds thee shall worry.

Toney.

Thou wants not Wickedness, but Wit,
To turn it to thy Profit:
Who but a Sor, would hatch a **Plot**,
And then make nothing of it?

'Twas I was fain to Rear thy Barn,
And bring it to Perfection:
I made the Frighted Nation sue
To me, for my Protection.

Tom.

I know (quoth *Tom*) thou' lov'st of old,
The Name of a **Protector**:
But now with all thy Might and Slight,
Thou art a Baff'd *Hector*.

With all thy Treats, and all thy Cheats,
Still thy Designe does faulter:
Thou'lt got (*poor Wretch*) some Fees for *Ketch*,
And for thy self a Halter.

Toney.

Name not (quoth *Toney*) that paw thing,
Till thou thy Heels Recover:
For who can tell of Thee or Me,
Who first will be Turn'd over?

Tom look to it, when **Commons** Sit,
Lest then I take thee Napping:
I nothing fear, who am so near
My Honest Friends of Wapping.

VVhat more they said, or what they did,
Deserves not to be reckon'd:
Then come away; but first let's pray,
God bless King Charles the Second.

FINIS.